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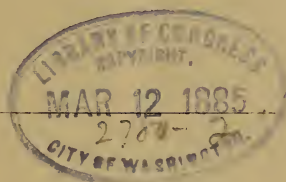
Musical Neighborhood.

✓ Pidgin

A
Musical Neighborhood.

A DUOLOGUE IN ONE SCENE.

BY CHAS. F. ^{new}PIDGIN.



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BOSTON, MASS.

1885.

A MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

Characters.

MR. JACOB QUIETMAN, a very nervous fidgetty old fellow.

MISS KATRINA NOISY, his housekeeper.

Scene.

A room in a large lodging house. Windows, R. and L. in flat, and, if a box set, R. and L. of stage. Table partially set for supper L. C. with a large chair beside it. A fairly well furnished room.

(Enter Katrina R. 1. E. with plate of bread in one hand, and a coffee-pot in the other.)

KATRINA.

(Astonished.) Not here? Why I thought I heard him come in. Vell de dings are all hot und I'm going to put dem on de table, und if dey gets cold it isn't my fault. *(Puts things on table and turns to audience.)* His name is Quietman, but he makes de most fuss of any man I ever worked for. He's de most nervous man I ever saw in all my life. If he hears a bit of noise he goes almost crazy. If I drops a pin on de floor, he says, Katrina who's dot pounding? If a dog barks, he says, dot's an earthquake; Katrina you'd better take de furniture oud mit de sdreet vhere it von't get smashed. How I did laugh last night. *(Laughs.)* Der's some man up stairs dot's got a big fiddle, und de vay he did shust scrape it, you would hafe thought he vas skinning cats alive. Poor Mr. Quietman, he vas so excited, he got up on de table und danced, und broke de blatter, und knocked de butter on de floor—but he didn't break it—it vas too strong. He says if dot man blays dot bull-fiddle to-night he vill suicide him or murder himself. I hope he von't murder himself *(goes to table)* until I gets my last veek's vages. *(Enter C. Mr. Quietman with bundles in his arms.)*

MR. QUIETMAN.

Ach, Katrina, I vas late two times.

KAT.

Ja! (*Aside.*) Two times dis veeek. Dis is Chuesday.

MR. Q.

Dot supper ready?

KAT.

Ja! (*Aside.*) It's got tired waiting.

MR. Q.

Dot some bread?

KAT.

Ja! (*Aside.*) Sauerkraut und Limburger too.

MR. Q.

(*Passing bundles.*) Dere is some of dot machine made hash. Fry it mit an onion.

KAT.

Ja! Ja! (*Going R.*) Onions is go t. (*Exit Katrina R. 1. E.*)

MR. Q.

Vat a noise dot girl makes ven she valkes. I might as vell live in a saw-mill. I dink I vill buy a trip-hammer und keep it going in my room,—den I von't hear de noise my neighbors make. (*Enter Katrina, R. 1. E., with hash in plate.*)

KAT.

It vas so fat it cooked awful quick. Oh! how it sputtered!

(*A chord on the violin is heard off stage.*)

MR. Q.

(*Astonished.*) Did dot hash do dot?

KAT.

Oh, my! (*Drops plate.*)

MR. Q.

Dunder und Blitzen! Vat are you doing?

(*Party off stage plays a hideous violin solo, during which Mr. Q. dances up and down with rage. Katrina puts hands to ears and runs off stage yelling. Mr. Q. opens window and screams.*) If you don't stop dot noise I throw myself oud mit de vindow und break you all to pieces.

VOICE (*off stage*).

Shut up!

MR. Q.

Shut up? You do it und I vill. I can do more of it dan you can. I get even mit you. I'll buy a hand-organ, und a steam-engine und make my own music. I'll make you tired, see if I don't. (*At this point an elocutionist is heard reciting the "Curse Scene" from "Richelieu."*) Voice(*off stage*). "Mark, where she stands—around her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn church! Set but a foot within that holy ground and on thy head—yea though it wore a crown—I launch the curse of Rome!" Mr. Q. imitates the speaker in dumb show, opening and shutting his mouth as though speaking, and gesticulating wildly with his arms. Mr. Q. falls in a heap at end of scene. *Enter Katrina, R. 1. E.*)

KAT.

Did you fall oud mit yourself?

MR. Q.

I've done it!

KAT.

Vat, murdered yourself? (*Mr. Q. goes through part of "Curse Scene" again.*) Oh! my! He's mad, he's mad, he's mad! (*Exit Katrina screaming, R. 1. E.*)

MR. Q.

(*Rising.*) Yes, I am mad! De next man vot speaks dies mit his own tongue. (*A soprano voice is heard singing off stage.*) Lucky for her she's a voman.

(*During song, Mr. Q. mimics her with his mouth, finally joining in vocally; as she reaches the high note he rushes and opens a window.*) Go to Europe mit yourself und finish your education. Stay away ten years. Den you'll know too much to practise any more und nobody vill hire you to sing. (*Crash heard. Mr. Q. rushes C. with hands clasped on top of head.*) Oh! my head, my head! She dropped a flower pot on it. (*Rubs head and looks at hand.*) I guess dose must have been "Sweet Violets." (*Piano is played off stage vigorously.*) I vish dot girl vas in Sharmany. Dere dey fines dem; for de first offence, locks dem up for de second, und den if dey don't stop dey fills de piano full of soft soap. Katrina! Katrina! Vare is dot girl? (*screams again.*) Katrina! Katrina! (*Enter Katrina hurriedly R. 1. E.*)

KAT.

Vat is it? Hafe you murdered yourself again?

MR. Q.

Did you hear dot noise?

KAT.

Vat you mean, der music?

MR. Q.

You call dot music? Dot would drive a man oud of der house.

KAT.

Dot is der widow Hoopenkoffer. She is going to be married again next week.

MR. Q.

Poor fellow! He vill die mit a lunatic cemetary sooner dan a fortnight. Katrina bring me a glass of beer.

KAT.

Ja, mine Herr. (*Rushes out R. 1. E.*)

MR. Q.

Perhaps if I drinks some beer, I'll keep alive a little bit longer, und be fat ven I dies. (*Enter Katrina R. 1. E. with beer, which she gives to Mr. Q. and which he drinks quickly. While drinking, a duet for horns is heard outside.*) Dot vas a horn too much. (*He rushes to window and screams.*) Let up on dot. (*He draws in his head suddenly.*) Oh! Katrina dey hafe dropped de vater pail. (*The horns keep on playing. A cornet joins in the din. Mr. Q. rushes to another window and screams.*) Dry oud mit dot. (*Katrina laughs heartily. Mr. Q. goes raving around the stage. A bass viol, side drum, and cello join in the uproar, while several parties also begin singing.*)

MR. Q.

Katrina, I goes mad if dey don't stop dot Wagner music. Go bring me dot tin box behind der stove.

KAT.

Vat is dot?

MR. Q.

It vos dynamite. I drop dot box down mit der garden, und blow dis house und all its beoples sky high.

KAT.

But I don't want to be killed. Why can't ve make a noise, und drive dem crazy? My beau, Hans Vanderhoof, blays mit der band, und he left his triangle und bass drum here until he goes oud mit der torchlights to-night.

MR. Q.

Dot vas a goot idea. You try der drum, I'll triangle. (*Katrina runs out R. 1. E.*) Ve'll catch dem. Perhaps dot widow vill come down to see how to do a goot job of pounding mit der drum stick. (*All the instruments and voices join in a terrible din off stage. Enter Katrina with triangle and drum stick in hand, and pulling bass drum after her. Mr. Q. grabs triangle and begins striking it while Katrina pounds the bass drum. The uproar is kept up for a short time when suddenly the other lodgers enter with musical instruments in their hands and look at Katrina and Mr. Q. who keeps on pounding vigorously. Katrina and Mr. Q. look up suddenly and see the intruders. Katrina drops drum stick and Mr. Q. the triangle.*) I thought dot would bring dem Katrina.

OTHER PARTIES (*in unison*).

What do you mean by making such a confounded noise?

MR. Q.

(*Astonished*) Me make a noise? Dot vas cheek.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

(*Pointing to bass drum.*) That's not cheek, that's a bass drum, and it makes more noise than all the folks in the house.

MR. Q.

I vas glad of dot. I vas afraid you couldn't hear it.

OTHERS (*in unison*).

We heard it. We couldn't hear anything else.

MR. Q.

Dot vas de reason ve kept it up, because I didn't want to hear you. You stop your noise, I'll stop mine.

OTHERS.

But we must practise.

MR. Q.

So must ve.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

A drum is not a parlor instrument.

MR. Q.

I don't live in der parlor.

OTHERS.

Well this noise must stop. What are you going to do about it?

MR. Q.

I tole you vot ve had better do about it. Ve vill form a "A Lodg-
ing House Mutual Improvement Musical Society" and blay de
same piece at de same time. Vat do you dink of dot idea?

OTHERS (*in unison*).

That is a good idea.

MR. Q.

I am a Quietman, und I vill lead der orchestra. My house-
keeper, Katrina Noisy, vill blay der bass drum und der triangle,
und you vill all blay your respective insdruments. Vas you all
agreed?

OTHERS (*in unison, with loud voices*).

We are, we are!

FINALE. (*Brass Band.*)

CURTAIN.

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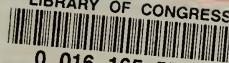
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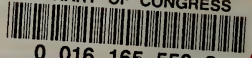
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